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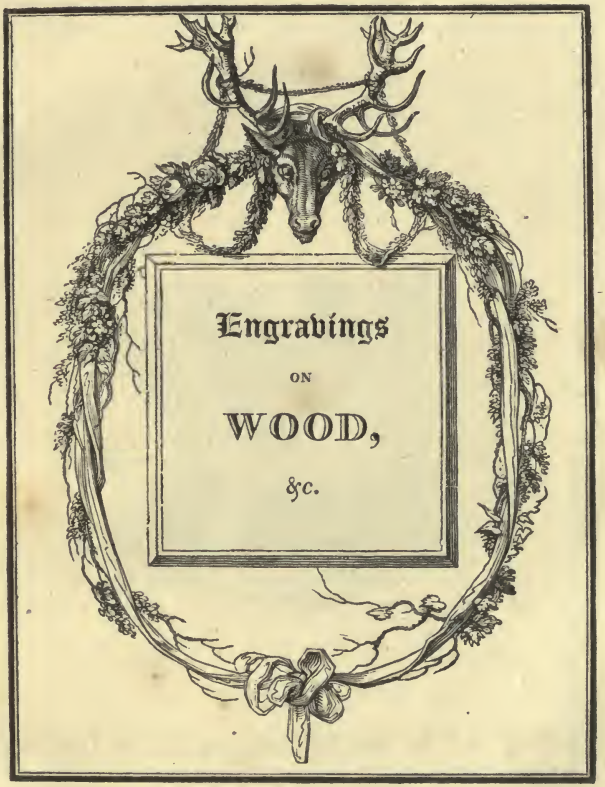

Engravings
ON
WOOD,
&c.

WOODCUTS

AND

VERSES.

KENT:
Printed at the private Press of Lee Priory;
BY JOHN WARWICK.

1820.

Preface.

THE Lee Priory Printer long ago expressed to me his wish to publish a volume in which all the Wood Engravings that have been used at this Press might be produced together, with some poetical illustrations or notices of each. The avocations of the Editor, whose contributions would have been so much more valuable than mine, being too numerous to permit him to give his attention to an undertaking, that, however desultory or even frivolous, was likely to involve much sacrifice of time, the Printer requested my assistance, which has by degrees supplied him with the following trifles.---Trifles I call them very sincerely, and only in that character introduce them to his Subscribers: and, even then, by no means as claiming kindred with those airy children

of fancy that sometimes appear at the incantations of lyrical poets, and charm more by their lightness and delicacy than the nobler spirits evoked by mightier magicians. Gladly would I persuade myself, if I could, that even a few of mine partake of that graceful nature: but, after looking over them in their present dress, I consign them to their destiny with a sort of despair, for it is no longer in my power to retard them. Like the dancing-master who has prepared pupils for the Italian stage, I see them go forward with all the advantages of "scenery and decoration" to favour their appearance; but I have not, like him, a flattering expectation that their harmony and variety of movement will be found such as to entitle them to the praise of trifling with elegance.

The embellishments in most books are secondary to the printed composition: in this, with very few exceptions, the reverse is the fact. I will not deny that this peculiarity has sometimes had the effect of saving me the trouble of invention, but it has, at least as often, been

productive of embarrassment. It was not always easy to form well-adapted combinations from various and independent materials, nor always practicable to discipline the mind to the proper entertainment of subjects not of my own choice. Nor is this remark made to predispose the reader in my favour, but to anticipate objections: all that I desire or expect is, that my part in the volume may pass without giving much discontent to its purchasers*; and that the main attraction of the work will be sought for in the Wood Engravings. Many of these were executed by the first artists, in their most spirited and finished manner, and the Printer is well known for his skill in working them off.

If I cherished hopes of exciting any sentiment kinder than toleration for these verses, I certainly should not express them; still less should I be weak enough to supplicate for kindness. I am too well convinced of the

* It is hardly necessary for me to say that the printer and his booksellers are the only persons to whom this work can convey any emolument, as to which I have no concern whatever, beyond what arises from my wish to serve him.

truth of Johnson's assertion, that the supplications of a writer never yet reprieved him one moment from oblivion.

Much has been said of the vanity of authors. Assuredly the person who deliberately offers his productions to the public must, in most instances, suppose that they are worthy of notice, and therefore arrogate some merit to himself, and as all pretensions to merit are received with jealousy, it is not wonderful that the vanity of authors should be a favourite topic of animadversion. But every man, let his affected humility be what it may, has vanity of some kind: and that is surely not the most disgraceful which springs from a love of letters, and is fostered by the desire, however beguiling, of literary distinction.

Having made what few observations I intended with regard to the contents of this volume, may I here be permitted to say something on the subject of my other productions? By the publication of Monthermer and of the Sacrifice of Isabel, I long since laid myself open

to the charge of being a vain author, and what is still worse, an author in vain. I can only plead in extenuation of the confidence in my own abilities implied by the publication of the first of those poems, that youth is the season of rashness, and that it was published when I was very young. I can already see how much I might have improved my chance of future reputation (for I once thought I had a chance), by laying aside those works till time should open my eyes to their faults, and enable me to correct them. MONTHERMER, more especially, was sent to the press too precipitately. "How often," says the Author of TALES OF THE HALL "has youth been pleaded for deficiencies or redundancies, for the existence of which youth may be an excuse, and yet be none for their exposure." With great deference to such authority, I cannot but consider this inference quite wrong. If youth be an excuse for writing incorrectly, it surely is also an excuse for publishing inconsiderately. The same inexperience that causes the first error superadds the

second, and when the plea of youth is received in extenuation of the one, on what possible ground can it be rejected in palliation of the other?

In our courts of justice the misconduct of the young is in general visited with mitigated penalty; and the spendthrift, if a minor, is not made responsible by law for his extravagancies. The offender, as he grows older, if his heart is not quite callous, becomes more and more sensible of the tenderness that was shown him, and abstains from the repetition of offence: and the prodigal, when time has improved his judgment, as well as put him in possession of his inheritance, not only calls in his debts as a point of honour, but remembers that he is still under obligation to society for the benevolent indulgence that protected him in his days of folly, and turns his mind with quickened zeal to useful and respectable exertion. So, I would say, at the bar of literature, juvenile offences against taste should be mildly judged; and their recurrence would be more effectually checked by temperate remonstrance, than by malicious severity or

outrageous reproach: and so too, would I hope, the extravagancies of thought and diction in the compositions of a young author should not subject him to be dogged by the common bailiffs of criticism, or to have his faculties imprisoned, with Ridicule for their jailor. It may be said that none but those whose faults in composition are balanced by many excellencies can be entitled to such lenity. I do not pray mercy for presumptuous stupidity: but, in all cases, forbearance is at least more generous, and, I should think, not less beneficial, than coarse abuse and vulgar brutality.

As to myself, some kind encouragers no doubt will tell me that mine was vanity indeed, and that I mistook my calling when I strove to be admitted among the servants of the Muses. It may be so: no error is more common. But, even thus, it is a harmless mistake, and one which has afforded me so much happiness that I could not easily be persuaded to regret it. Criticism can indeed convince me that my powers are very limited, and can repress all idle aspirations after fame; but it cannot

subdue the enthusiastic fondness with which from my childhood I have cultivated poetry. Whether the Muse for whom I have attempted to raise up flowers be one of the inspired Sisters, or a deluding Spirit of my own creation, and whether I have made my garden in the genial soil, or on ground remote from the sacred spring, the employment has not been unrewarded. It has often given a livelier and more healthy impulse to enjoyment, and still more frequently been a consolation in those many hours of trouble from which the most fortunate are not exempt.

As to "the dew of praise," I confess that little has fallen on the objects of my labour, except from private, and most frequently partial, sources. I owe but few thanks to Reviewers, and have long ceased to look to them for any thing but censure; I ought not however, individually to complain; for it has pleased them in their wisdom to decide that no soldier can write common sense. Who shall dare to distrust the oracles of Apollo? A Critic in an Edinburgh Magazine, a very paragon of

Critics, has gone so far as to denounce vengeance against *every soldier, whether horse, foot, or dragoon, who shall presume to write, print, and publish a book.* There are other heroes besides the children of Mars; and one cannot but concede the *palm* of heroism to this intrepid priest of the Muses, who thus posts himself at the porch of their temple, and, with more than the spirit of Leonidas, guards the pass with a wand of ebony alone, against hosts of barbarians in arms.*

* See a Review of *Dunluce Castle* in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine for an early month of 1819. I forget which. I did not see it for some months after its appearance, and I have since thought it unnecessary to make any reply, though I believe myself to be in possession of the name and character of the *gentleman* to whom belongs the honour of that elaborate performance. However, as *Dunluce Castle* is one of the works printed at this Press, it may be as well to introduce the subject here. The poem was written when I was a boy, after a first visit to Ireland, and it was printed, as the subscribers to this press know, nearly six years since. I was then in the south of France, and it was by the partiality of the Editor that it appeared. He was well aware that it was far from being worthy of the compliment which he paid to it; and was not blind to its exaggerated descriptions, nor to its redundance and

I am too orthodox to question the infallibility of reviewers; otherwise the authority of Horace, strengthened by the history of poets of all times, might tempt me to suspect that no person can become a true poet who was not born with a mind poetically constituted, and that the adventitious circumstances of life can no more destroy than they can create the powers of imagination. I might then grow bolder, and believe that if any particular profession could be more favourable than another to the exercise of poetical faculties, that of a soldier might fairly be considered so. Let his attention to his military duties be ever so exact, he will still have much leisure at his disposal. He is necessarily a visitor of

inaccuracy of language; but being a man always more ready to discover good than to dwell on faults, he was tempted to believe, or to hope, that it was not without some recommendations, and so gave it into the hands of the printer. I had long congratulated myself on the restricted circulation which it must have, issuing from a private press, and had hoped that it was quietly drowning in oblivion, when the above-mentioned Critic was so kind as to snatch it from the gulf, and, in a tone of characteristic candour, to announce its merits to the world as a new and admirable production.

many countries, in which the endless variety of manners and customs are continually soliciting his observation. He beholds the grandest and the fairest objects in nature, and often under romantic circumstances and with picturesque additions, that augment the interest excited by their magnificence and beauty. The follower of the chase, who has noble opportunities of admiring the charms of rural objects, which, in his keenness for his sport he usually disregards, yet does not visit spots so much out of the track of ordinary travellers, as he who serves in a campaign. The tent of the Soldier is often pitched amidst the wildest and the least frequented recesses; on the difficult mountain's side, or in the narrow rocky glen, visited by the mountain torrents. He penetrates into woods whose gloomy depths look like primeval solitudes; he witnesses the shock of battles, and afterwards contemplates the desolation they have caused; and death is constantly before him in every awful and fearful shape. His life is an irregular but active drama, in which the scene is incessantly changing; and, if nature

has made him a poet, these changes instead of bewildering his mind and perplexing his judgment, might be supposed to have quite a contrary effect, by familiarizing him with striking objects, and suggesting correspondent thoughts. If military biography furnishes us with few names of poetical celebrity, it is not because a soldier's profession precludes him from being a poet, but because genuine poets very rarely appear in any profession, or among any condition of men.

What I have here ventured to say with respect to the poetical advantages of a military life, is of course spoken generally, and not in relation to myself, or to any pretensions of mine. I have seen very little of "service," and no more lay claim to the laurel than to the bays. I have hazarded these remarks, not only because it has been the custom, as unjust as discourteous, of many periodical writers, to shew decided hostility to every military author, unless of a military book; but because, in more instances than one, occasion has been taken, in pretended reviews of *my* com-

positions, to throw out the most absurd and sweeping sarcasms on the literary qualifications of military men. All for which I would contend on my own part is, that if my productions be devoid of merit, my profession has nothing whatever to do with the deficiency; and all that I would claim for myself is, that if they possess any redeeming qualities, notwithstanding all their faults, I may not be deprived of the benefit of them because I am a soldier, not an author by profession, and have but little personal communication with Booksellers, and no acquaintance whatever with Reviewers.

I know the tone which is likely to be adopted in reply to these observations; and some of my brother soldiers will tell me that I have not acted like a wily partisan, but rashly entered the enemy's territory, exposed to ambushes on every side. This, however, is not exactly the case. I have not advanced without previously making myself acquainted, in some degree at least, with the nature of the ground, and the strength

of the adversary; and as to the Individual to whom some of my remarks are more particularly pointed, I must be bold enough to say that I have hopes of being able, in case of necessity, to prove myself a match for so formidable an antagonist*, without resorting either to his ribaldry or his fiction.

EDWARD QUILLINAN.

* See "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk."

ODE TO THE MUSE.

Spirit of Heaven, immortal Child,
On whom the great Creator smiled,
Before the date of time!
When Man's new race was call'd to birth,
He bade thee seek the sons of earth,
And teach the thoughts sublime.

But ah, to few of all the race,
Was granted the surpassing grace,
To know the heaven-begot:
Save those, the warm of heart and mind,
The rest beheld thee, and were blind;
They heard, and own'd thee not.

Ode to the Muse.

In vain thy glorious voice they heard;
No waken'd pulse within them stirr'd
A tremulous delight:
With dull regard they pass'd thee by,
They saw thy wild prophetic eye,
And wonder'd at the sight.

Not the supreme in power and pride,
The rich, the great, the high-allied,
Thy choicest boons have blest:
O generous Muse, through every age,
Thy gifts have sooth'd, on sorrow's stage,
The poor and the opprest.

Angel of light, the spell is thine
That lifts with raptures all divine
Coy Nature's lowliest child:
In spite of penury and scorn,
For Him is Fancy's sweetest morn,
Dear Nurse of visions wild!

ODE TO THE GLADE.

In vain thy glorious voice they heard;
No radiant pinion visible them stirr'd
Around their dwelling:
Still did upward they prest their fly,
They sun-fly wild prophetic eye,
And wonder'd at the sight.

Yet the sapience, the power and pride,
The rich, the great, the high-allied,
Thy glories at home have blest:
O generous Glade, through every age,
Thy gifts have ward'd, on sorrow's stage,
The woe and the opprest.

Guard of Spain, thy spell is thine
That life with reverence all divine
For Nature's low'liest wonders,
In spite of poverty and scorn,
For Him in Power's mansions worn,
Their Maker adoring still!

Ode to the Muse.

Or if, when Pride so high aspires,
Thy Torch some subtile Spirit fires
In Rank or Fortune's throng,
How shines the Ore, how beams the Crest,
In the majestic splendor drest
Of Genius and of Song!

O many a Soul of feeble power
Oft dares, in hope's delusive hour,
To linger o'er that Torch:---
Alas! 'tis an enchanted light;
It's flames ascend with Souls of might:
The Weak they vainly scorch.

Yet e'en the Weak may not despair:
Thou canst not quite reject the prayer
Of Him that loves Thee well:
His hand whose skill thy Harp disowns
May sometimes wake imperfect tones
From Love or Pity's Shell.

Ode to the Muse.

Oft from his couch of cloudier dreams
He springs with dawn's congenial gleams
To drink the youthful air;
And, wandering through the twilight dews,
In some lone spot he meets thee, Muse,
And then forgets his care.

Where virgin roses chastely blush,
While solemn-sounding waters rush
To kiss thy buskin'd feet,
Lull'd with the fragrance and the sound,
He finds thee wrapt in thought profound,
On some romantic seat.

He knows thee by thine eye inspired,
And by thy stedfast brow, attired
In myrtle's lyric crown,
And by thy wings of stainless white,
That seem prepared for upward flight,
To waft him to renown.

Ode to the Muse.

He knows thee by his panting breast,
That throbs with wishes unexprest,
With wishes scarce defined;
And by the thoughts of deep emotion,
That flow, like troubled waves of ocean,
Tumultuous on his mind.

O might he from those Wings presume
To snatch but one etherial plume,
To trace the verse of flame;
Or from that Crown purloin away
One little amaranthine spray
Of poetry and fame!

TO CLIO.

DAUGHTER of Memory and Jove!
While flowery braids by Fancy wove
Thy Sisters' brows adorn,
Truth's simple laurel circles thine,
Where not a flower has leave to twine;
For Fancy is thy scorn.

But with that chaplet's sober green
Are mingled gems of ray serene,
Prefer'd when thou wert young
By History's Prince and Father first,*
On whose charm'd ear at Samos burst
The dictates of thy tongue---

And Him† who, doom'd his throne to' inherit,
Wept, with a young enthusiast's spirit,
When in the' Olympic ring
That venerable Carian's theme
Flow'd to his soul, like mountain-stream
Into a rising spring---

By Him‡ who from the' Assyrian field,§
Still baffling Power with Wisdom's shield,
Led the Ten Thousand home:
Worthy of Socrates, his mind,
Like fire in a tempestuous wind,
Blazed out in storm and gloom---

* Herodotus. † Thucydides. ‡ Xenophon. § The plains of Cunaxa.

To Clio.

And by that Chæronean just*
To whom didst thou the scales intrust
Where fame's true weight is tried:
Oft, while the deeds of heroes pondering,
Unmoved he saw the Graces wandering
By old Cephisus' side.

Thy name with ancient Greece was Glory!
Thy first disciples traced her story
In characters of flame;
And for the splendour thus confer'd,
Well did she choose a golden word,
A Halo for thy name.

But not that favour'd land alone
Distinguish'd by thy presence shone
And paid Thee honour due;
Amidst thy laurel-girded hair
Glow gems of Latian tribute, rare
As Greece presents to view.

There Cæsar's shines: and brighter yet,
Though by too frail a votary set
On thy averted brow,
There beams the gem that Sallust gave:
O how could Pleasure's willing slave
So pure an offering vow!

Though Horace strung the' Alcaic Lyre,
Though Virgil breath'd Mæonian fire,
Yet Rome's Augustan Age
Scarce owes it's lustre more to Them
Than to thy rich historic gem,
The gift of Padua's Sage.†

He too by virtuous Pliny loved,‡
And in imperial courts approved,
Though Flattery's foe profest,
He with no vulgar hand repaid
Thy grace that to his eye display'd
The secret human breast.

These, with that wreath of green combining,
And with a chasten'd radiance shining,
Compose thine antique crown:
O teach us by their blended light
To see the hearts of others right,
And thence correct our own.

* Plutarch. † Livy. ‡ Tacitus.

HYMN TO NATURE.

GODDESS of the green retreats,
Thee my boundless worship greets!
Every hill and every dell
Has for me a druid cell,
Every leafy fane of thine
Holds for me a holy shrine.
  Where the river flows and flaunts,
Wide astray from human haunts;
Where the ruin's lonely mass
Clouds it's waters as they pass;

Hymn to Nature.

Where the light and frolic fawn
Bounds among the dews of dawn;
Where at noon, by pool or brook,
Crowds the herd in wild-wood nook;
Where at eve from toil released,
Rests the meek disburthen'd beast---
Wheresoe'er my footsteps roam,
Nature, still I find a home:
And in every bower of thine
Still my worship finds a shrine!

SONG.

I HAVE found the young Gleaner, the Cherub of Morn:
Like the red blooming poppy she sleeps in the corn;
Those gay eyes, of the hue
Of the corn-blossoms blue,
Are like daisy's lids clos'd by a summer Eve's dew.

Though her pillow be rugged, serene is her sleep,
While she dreams of the fields that the harvest-men reap;
Like the Lark in it's nest,
When no dangers molest,
Though so rude be her bed, yet so fresh is her rest.

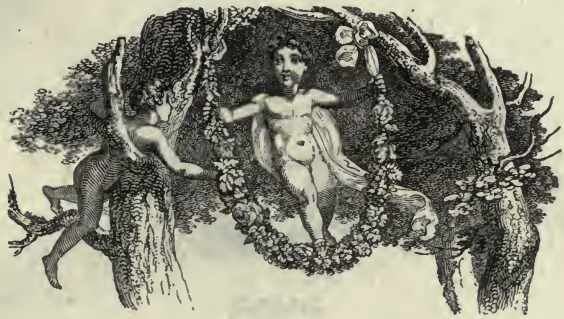
There are those, little Maid, if adduced to the proof,
Though by Indolence lull'd under Luxury's roof,
Who would joyfully share
Thine exemption from care,
And for that be content thy privations to bear.

Fan softly, I pray thee, thou gale of the west,
Fan softly, sweet gale, the repose of the blest!
For these fair yellow shocks
That thy light pinion rocks
Are the cradle of Innocence nurs'd among flocks.

ODE.

How sleeps the Squire who sinks to rest
By gout and gluttony opprest!
When Night, with drowsy wand of lead,
Returns to lull his ponderous head,
She there shall clog a coarser brain
Than Fancy's jest could ever feign.

By pinching Imps his neck is wrung;
By pigmy Fiends his feet are stung;
There Surfeit comes, with sultry face,
To wrap his breast in hot embrace;
And Nightmare shall awhile repair,
To sit a smothering monster there!



SONG.

COME away to the greenwood bowers;
Come away with the May-day posies:
We'll ride in a chair of flowers;
We'll dance on a rope of roses.

There are full-grown sons of pleasure,
Who trust to as frail a stay:
Then swing to the whirling measure;
For sure we're as light as They.

SONG.

Who with me will wander? straying
Through the purple vines I go;
Laughing with the Nymphs, and playing
Where the richest clusters grow:
Who will wander with me?

Round my staff the tendrils wreathing,
Thus the' autumnal prize I bear;
All it's musky ripeness breathing
Sweets to load the wings of air.
Who will wander with me?

Who with me will wander, joying?
Welcome to the fair and gay;
Never cloy'd, and never cloying;
Here and there, and then away?
Who will wander with me?

THE HOURGLASS.

Poets loiter all their leisure,
Culling flowers of rhyme;
Thus they twine the wreath of pleasure
Round the glass of time:
Twining flowers of rhyme.

Fancy's Children, ever heedless!
Why thus bribe the hours?
Death, to prove the trouble needless,
Withers all your flowers:
Why then bribe the hours?

Like the Sand, so fast retreating,
Thus your hopes shall fall;
Life and fame are just as fleeting;
Poets, flowers, and all:
Thus your fancies fall.

THE MAID THAT LOVED THE MOON.

THROW back the locks redundant from those eyes,
Young Florimel! and o'er this moss-grown bench
While bending hawthorns shower
Their blooms, my strange tale hear.

Where stands yon Rustic, there last night I stood,
Beneath the brow of that monastic Arch:
Scarce breath'd the drowsy winds;
The waters caroll'd out

To the pleased Moon; who ne'er with sweeter grace
On Latmus listen'd to the Boy she loved;
Touched by her serious beam
The pale hills sadly smiled.

Soon through those rustling lilachs I beheld
A shape of beauty glide in robes of white:
Hither her steps were bent;
And, ere this seat she gain'd,

Through the long grass a tall majestic Bird
Came floating, to salute the well-known form;
'Twas such as Hebe yoked
To Juno's golden car.

But not with Argus' hundred eyes adorn'd,
Nor freak'd with orient tints like Iris' wings;
White where its quivering plumes
As Juno's milky way.

The stately tenants too of yon green isle,
The Swans, came plunging from their secret bed,
To welcome to their stream
The Wanderer of the Night.

Winnowing the water-lilies as they turn'd
With snowy pinions, by this bank they sail'd,
With fond familiar court
Acknowledging their queen.

The Maid that loved the Moon.

Who with bland voice repaid them, and, the while,
With playful fingers the tall Bird caress'd
That proudly trail'd its fan,
Like lucid ivory carved.

These in the moonlight shining---this fair Bird,
Those spotless Swans, and warbling crystal stream,
And, most, the white-robed Maid,
Beneath this tent of blooms,

Form'd a delightful picture, lovelier far
Than sad Autonoe's hapless hunter saw
By that sequester'd fount,
The secret bath of Nymphs.

To crown the spell, the visionary Maid,
Fixing her dark eyes on the silvery orb,
Sung a fantastic song,
An anthem to the Moon.

Strains wilder issued never from the lips
Of Troy's pale Prophetess, nor mellower tones
Flow'd from the rocky Isles,
The lingering sail to charm.

And charm'd were all that heard her--the tall Bird
Beside her cower'd feet still as a tuft of snow;
The Swans like Halcyons sate
Upon their liquid bed;

And I as if a Spirit sung stood awed:
Yet well I knew the' Enchantress;--'twas that pale
Proud Maid, the Baron's Child,
The Light of Alan-tower.

ODE TO IMAGINATION.

O THOU, of Genius Eldest-born,
Endow'd with youth's eternal morn,
Divine Enthusiast, Hail!
Hail to thy proud undaunted guise,
Thy plumed crest, and ardent eyes,
And rich etherial mail.

'Tis thine the Dragon's wings to mount,
And soar to Light's remotest fount,
Beyond the eagle's force;
With young Adventure at thy side,
Who tames at once the Monster's pride,
And speeds his fiery course.

As erst with Thee to glory's height,
The Theban urged his daring flight,
Allow'd those reins to share;
O when will favour'd Bard again
Spring from the grovelling walks of men,
And ride the Wings of Air?

FAIRY-CATCHING.

WE are hunting the Fairy all day long;
Bewitch'd to the chase by his own sweet song;
We've an amber cage and a net of gauze;
But, with toil o'erwearied, we often pause.

Like the phosphor-light that illumes the fen,
So the false elf flits over glade and glen:
Then to cheer us forward he calls and sings;
But if once we're near him, away he springs.

When we press him close, in a leaf he'll lie,
Or will mount the back of a dragon-fly,
Or will seek the veil that the spider spins,
Or will diving cling to a minnow's fins.

Like the phosphor-light on the dark morass,
He'll return, and perch on a blade of grass:
When the net comes close, and the toil seems o'er,
Then away he flirts, and we hunt once more.

But his voice is rich like a poet's dream,
And excites the spirit like fancy's beam;
So, because he carols a false sweet song,
We are hunting the Fairy all day long.

TO **** ******.

An Absentee.

SHAME afflict thee, Slave of Riot,
For an ancient House's fall!
Want's remorse, and Fear's disquiet
Sting thee, heartless Prodigal!

Through those woods that waved so proudly,
Held so long in pious care,
Now the Axe to Echo loudly
Tells thy havoc, worthless Heir!

Now the druid Raven, calling
From his sanctuary of oaks,
While the fane around is falling,
Ruin on thy head invokes.

Where for ages dwelt thy Fathers,
Usury's hirelings now reside;
While Oppression's sickle gathers
Labour's harvest far and wide.

Thou, to gayer shores departed,
Heedest not the peasant's groan;
Soon perchance the callous-hearted
Shall as dully hear thine own.

In thy Sires' emblazon'd Oriel
Soon shall be a Stranger's Shield;
And those halls no last memorial
Of their famous Lords shall yield.

Then their Son, a homeless Wanderer,
Fortune's treacherous die may rue;
While the World rejects the Squanderer
That a noble House o'erthrew.

In a night the' Ephesian Wonder
Felt a wretched Maniac's brand:
So that proud House crumbles under
A mean Gamester's frantic hand.

THE IDLER AND THE ANGLER.

RECLINED upon a bank of moss,
Which golden butter-cups emboss,
And violets stud profusely,
Beside the trout-enlivened Stour,
With Pope's dear verse I charm the hour,
In pensive ease reclusely.

Poor Blond alone, my old ally,
Sits in profound demureness nigh,
O'erwatching every page,
And wondering much, as much he may,
What case can thus, the summer-day,
His Master's care engage!

But should Amanda seek the brook,
With sportive line and specious hook,
To tempt the finny race;
At once I quit the charming lays,
On her beguiling eyes to gaze,
And soft dissembling face.

The Idler and the Angler.

She, with her treacherous smile serene,
Her sly placidity of mien,
And those beguiling eyes,
Throws out the lure with finest art,
More bent to catch a foolish heart
Than seize the watery prize.

Vain Angler! slave to man's applause,
Heartless herself, for hearts she draws,
Then flings them lightly by---
Yet, though I know and scorn the Cheat,
Bewitched by all her bland deceit,
I cannot, dare not, fly.

"The Fair Bridges."

At the masque, or the sylvan fantastical sport,
Where the Nymphs and the Dryads embellish'd the scene,
No Lady appear'd of so lofty a port,
As she stood, like Diana, in midst of the Green.

O when was more sweet a young blossom transplanted
Than Sudeley sent forth in a palace to shine?
O where was the Lady whose beauty enchanted
Like the Daughter of Bridges, the Pride of the Vine?

THE CAPTIVE LION.

THE Lion of the sacred hill
And he that awed Nemæa's wood
Could never slake, though prowling still,
Their still increasing thirst of blood:
The nations thus by thee accurst
Insatiate found ambition's thirst!
But Ammon's Son those pests appeased,
Though singly to the task he rush'd;
This in his iron grasp he seized,
And That the Muse's olive crush'd:
Who, singly, in thy fortune's wane,
Could lay a hand upon *thy* mane?

The terror of Etolian plains,
Whose tusk Diana's wrath impell'd,
Not by the herd of trembling swains
But by a kingly host was quell'd:
Thee, in a chase of dire renown,
A field of princes' hunted down.
O noble was the sight and sound
When, flashing in the golden sun,
The Grecian lances sung around
Their game in rocky Calydon!
Thy hunting-day had sterner charms
When tens of thousands shone in arms!

Crete's horned plague the captor bore
To' amaze his argive despot's court;
Then, wild in Marathon, once more
'Twas dragged, to furnish Athens sport.
Thou too hast been in thy despair
A show for idle wonder's stare.
That thou wert cruel was thy crime;
That thou art captive is thy fate;
But tyrants in their adverse time
Should more of pity raise than hate;
And noblest natures least of all
Insult the mighty in their fall.

Once he burst forth---oh, who forgets
That fierce stupendous spring he took,
When plunging through his hunters' nets
Again the slumbering thrones he shook?
Earth scarce is breathing from the shock;
And dare they now thy name to mock!
A Lion to a woman's prayer
His fangs was tempted to resign:
Vainglory, like that treacherous Fair,
Seduced thee to surrender thine;
And thou art now for ever bow'd;
The toils must be the Lion's shroud.

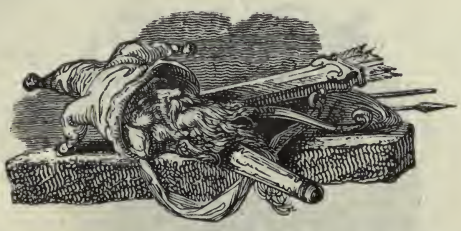
DERWENT-STREAM.

O FAIR is Matlock's rocky hill;
And fair is Derwent's bowery side:
But Derwent-Stream is fairer still,
As slow it winds it's placid tide!

The Urchin there, in summer-days,
Delights the glowing limb to lave;
Or in his Boat exults to raise
The murmurs of the rippling wave.

Flush'd, giddy Boy! the stream of life
Is not so smooth as Derwent-Stream:
Thou soon shalt know it's stormy strife,
And mourn o'er childhood's happy dream.

But oh, in what assuasive flood,
What waters then of virtue meek,
Shall Passion cool it's boiling blood,
Or Woe refresh it's wither'd cheek?



SONG FOR A SEXAGENARIAN.

THE cottage of Monksdale looks gay with its roses;
Esk-Castle looks proud with its ivy-crowned towers:
The Baron of Esk like his ivy was aged;
The Maiden of Monksdale was fresh as her flowers.

The Peer sought the cot for the sake of its Maiden:
The Maid for his castle the Noble revered;
She smiled when she gazed on the star at his bosom,
But sighed when she glanced at his brow and his beard.

He spoke of his wounds from a little blind Archer;
And vowed that unpitied he could not survive:
The gentle Nymph thought, while she tenderly listened,
She cared not how soon he was buried alive.

'O, remember that fruit is maturest in autumn,
And that time mellows wine,' said the eloquent Sage:
But when winter, thought she, sheds its snow on the temples,
Old wine, not young love, is the cordial of age.

'Those towers and their master,' said he, 'I surrender
To Beauty's dominion, her smile my reward.'
But the Nymph, who was humble, would fain have consented
To take the old castle without the old Lord.

Yet o'ercome by his ardour, at last she accepted
The conjugal ring and the sceptre of rule;
And to hide the white hairs of her blooming Adorer
She graced his wise head with the Cap of a Fool.

DEATH TO DOCTOR QUACKERY.

HEALTH! and for ever! e'en the Grave
May well for Thee let Nature wave
The sternest of her laws:
And Death may wish immortal life
To One that plies the lance and knife
So boldly in his cause.

I pledge Thee in thine own good wine;
Nor Rhone nor Rhine, nor Douro's Vine
The juice inspiring gave,
But, thanks to thy empiric pains,
The rich, the ripe, the ruddy veins
Of Man, our dupe and slave.

At Thee thy Brother of the School,
Who learns to baffle me by rule,
The sapient shoulder shrugs:
Curse on the Pedant and his Art!
Would thou couldst bleed him at the heart,
Or gorge him with thy drugs.

Or would thou couldst for him distil
Some special drop: thy chemic skill
His learned pride might quell:
No crone that ever mutter'd charm,
Or groped the ditch for things of harm,
Could poison half so well.

E'en Nature's wholesome herbs and sweets
(So well brave Ignorance defeats
The general Mother's will)
To bane in thy Alembic turn,
And steam to mischiefs that will burn,
And venom that will kill.

I pledge thee to the goblet's brim,
For every victim's mangled limb,
For every fix'd disease,
For every wasted artery,
And every kind of bartery
Of bad advice for fees!

Hark! some one rattles at thy gate;
'Tis a sick Miser's Heir, whom Fate
Long hinders of his revel;
He'll lead thee to his kinsman's couch:
Farewell! I speed away to vouch
The tidings to the Devil.

The LAPWING, the OWL, and the NIGHTINGALE.

'TIS now the hour the Wanderer strays
Through covert paths, and woodland ways;
It is the starry-mantled hour,
When slumber lulls each choral bower;
Alone Minerva's wakeful Bird
From some sepulchral Yew is heard.

Wild Hermit! from his sylvan shroud,
He lifts his whooping voice aloud;
To every mute attesting star
He sends his shrill appeal afar,
Sounding like Traveller's cry affrighted,
In some waste solitude benighted.

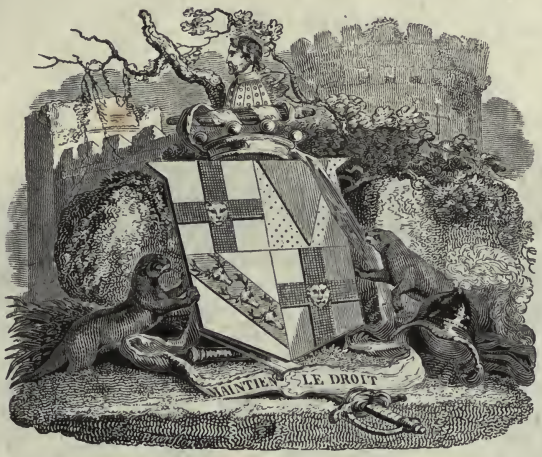
And now, the startled Plover's wail
Arises on the plaintive gale.
Poor trembler, in her simple dread,
She hears the wily Fowler's tread;
And from her lowly dwelling springs,
To lure him far, on wheeling wings.

But hush, poor Bird, thy clamorous suit;
And Thou, whom day offends, be mute!
For hark, the vernal notes awake
From yonder lone neglected brake.
Dear musical Enthusiast, hail,
Unmatch'd, poetic Nightingale!

Sweet Bird, calumnious minstrels say
That thine is a complaining lay;
They say thy voice will only flow
Obedient to the call of woe.
O who could thus thy warblings wrong,
That ever heard the' ectstatic song!

No: 'tis pure joy's unmingled vein
That prompts that rich and vivid strain:
If sadness touch those breathings sweet,
It is because extremes will meet;
And thus thy rapture's last excess
Will melt in murmuring tenderness.

Fenc'd from the rude approach of men,
Thy haunt is in the deepest glen;
Thou yieldest all, afar from strife,
To calm and song thy little life:
Coy, tender Melodist divine,
A Poet's soul is surely thine.



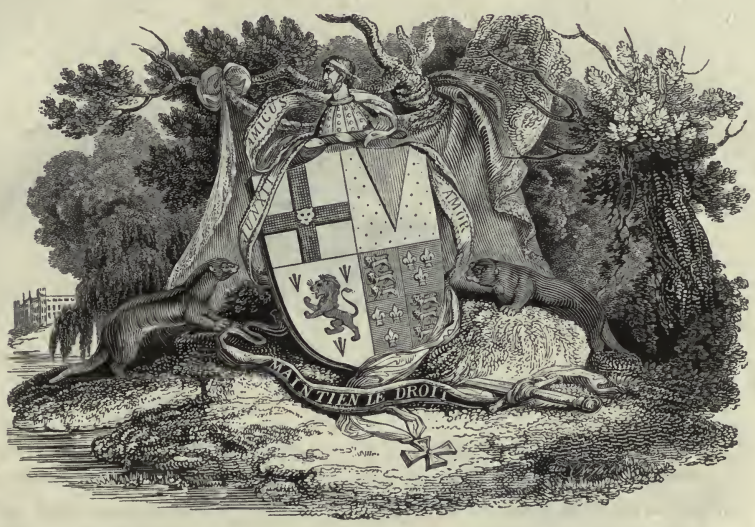
STANZAS WRITTEN AT SUDELEY CASTLE.

Addressed to Sir E. B.

WHERE is thy glory, Sudeley? though thy wall
With stubborn strength the hand of Time defies,
The Sun looks down into thy roofless hall,
And through thy courts with splendor's mockery pries.
Where are thine ancient Lords? the Brave? the Wise?
Crumbled to dust in yonder Gothic Fane.
Where are their children's children? None replies.
Swept from their trunk in Chance's hurricane,
The branches wave no more on Cotswold's old domain.

Yet here the Sons of Chandos, in their day
Of greatness, ruled in no ungentle sort:
Here Want was succour'd; Sorrow here grew gay;
And Winchcombe's Castle was no Tyrant's Fort:
Here too the' imperial Dame with Barons girt,
She who could make the Crowns and Nations bow,
Relax'd, at Welcome's voice, her lion-port,
And soften'd into smiles her stately brow:
What wert thou then, famed Pile! ah, changed! What art thou now?

Sudeley Castle.



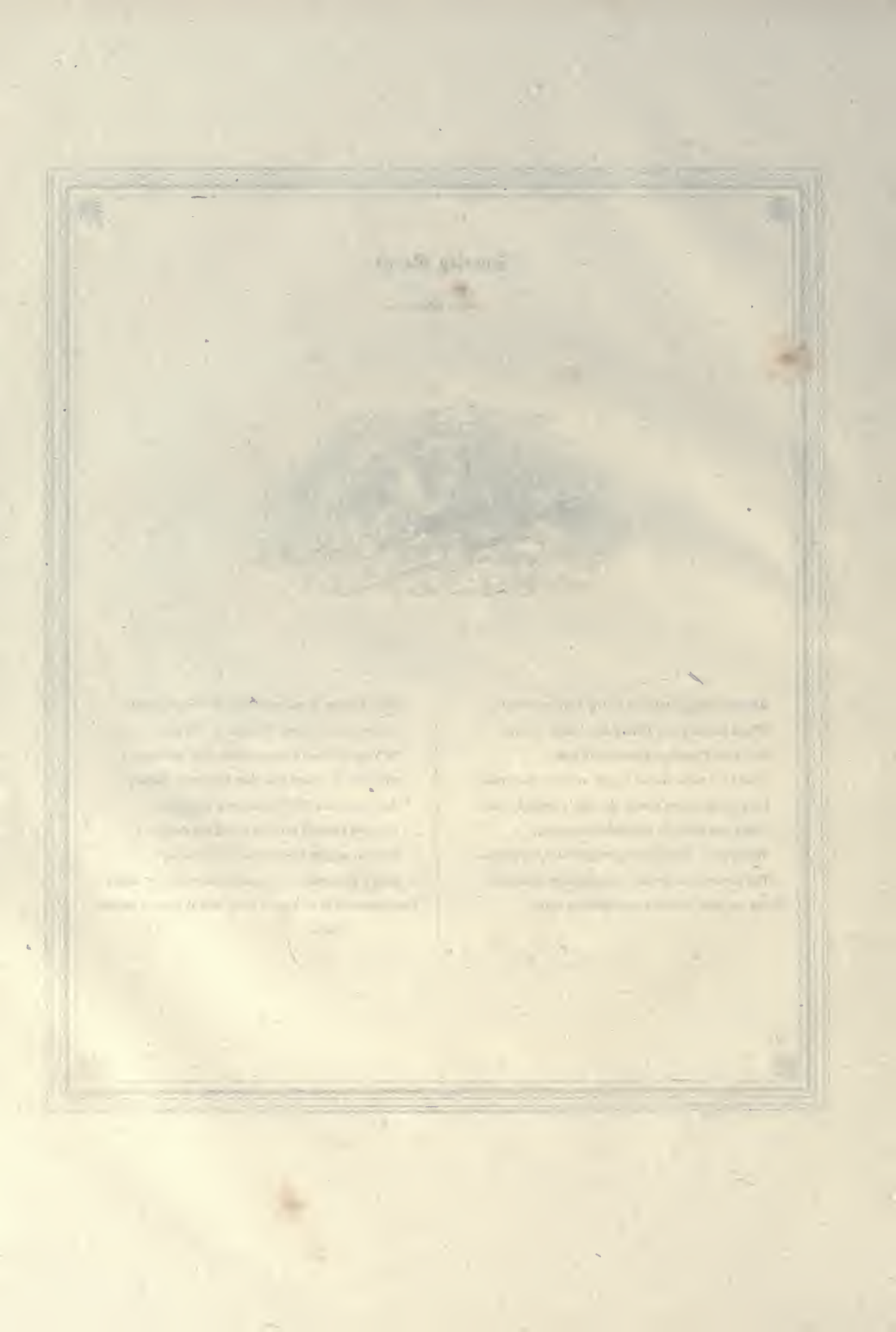
Now savage elders flourish in thy courts;
The thistle now thy lorn recesses haunts;
Perch'd on thy walls the wild geranium sports,
And the rude mallows, deck'd in purple, flaunts:
Behold, proud Castle, thine inhabitants!
See how their nodding heads the zephyr hail,
As if they mock'd thee with triumphant taunts,
As victory's banners to each passing gale
From some dismantled Fort relate their boastful tale.

Are they not emblems, these obtrusive flowers,
Thus choaking up the sculptured Leopard's trace
And the old Cross on Sudeley's honour'd towers,
Are they not emblems of the motly race
Upraised by Mammon from their humble place?
Those weeds that on the ruins of the Great
Arise in rank luxuriance, and deface
The genealogic types of reverend date,
And flirt new symbols forth, and wear a gaudy state.

Sudeley Castle.

Brydges, the proud tear in thy dark eye swells,
When History thy Forefathers' fame displays,
And hoar Tradition garrulously tells
Tales that their shades to the mind's vision raise,
Like forms shewn dimly through a twilight haze:
Fancy the while in her insidious strain,
Whispering sweet words, exaggerates the praise,
The power, and wealth, and chivalry, and train
Of thy baronial Sires---magnificently vain.

Then follows Memory's fancy-withering part:
She bends, as a fond Sister, o'er the Urn
Of Youth's dead Expectations, the sad Heart;
And calls up every woe that thou hast borne;
And murmurs till the bosom is o'erworn
And the plumed spirit of ambition droops.
Thus to regrets life's vernal projects turn;
Pain's poisonous fruit succeeds the flowery hopes
That bloom'd in Denton's vale, and Wotton's sylvan slopes.

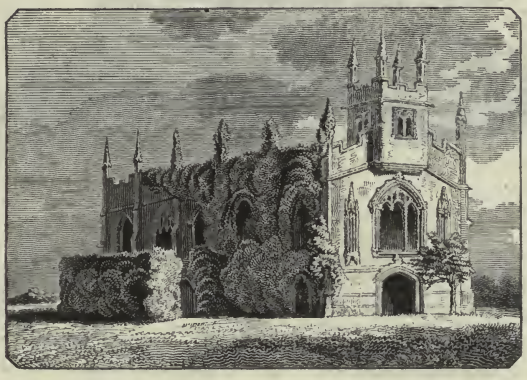


Sudeley Castle.

Yet why repine?---no more the Lydian stream
Devolves in its old bed the golden tide:
Ancestrel dignities have ceased to beam
Upon the children of a house of pride:
And thou, 'tis true, hast been severely tried:
To the maternal legacy of care
Thy birthright by no brother was denied;
No smooth supplanter kindly claim'd thy share,
As hard Rebecca's Hope beguiled the Patriarch's heir.

Yet, why, too fondly querulous, repine?
Still many a pure delight thy journey cheers;
And, though a way with thorns perplex'd is thine,
Fresh flowers still greet thee in the vale of tears;
And Love walks with thee to the goal of years;
And thou hast treasures, as Cornelia's prized;
And even of worldly state enough appears,
And, if enough, the rest should be despised;
Peace visits not the heart where pride is unchastised.

Sudeley Castle.



Of briers the earth, of clouds the heaven to clear,
Hast thou not too the love of lore and song?
If Sudeley now the haughty head could rear
As when its battlements withstood the strong,
And frown'd upon Rebellion; if the throng
Of chivalry and beauty, as of yore,
Still danced its beryl-glittering halls along,
And thou wert lord of hill, and plain, and tower,
While all within was pomp, and all without was power;
Could all the specious pageantry convey
A genuine pleasure to the thoughtful mind,
Which one who loves like thee the Muse's lay,
Within the shades of quiet cannot find?
Ambition's pillars shake with every wind,
And, like these Ruins, soon or late, must fall;
But the green wreaths in Learning's bowers entwined
Will grace the tomb, as o'er yon Chapel-wall
The clustering ivy spreads its rich enduring pall.

THE DIAL.

TIME strikes his bell in Grandeur's halls,
To warn the Proud of fate:
Preaching from hallowed towers and walls,
In Mammon's marble ear he calls,
And mocks Ambition's state.

He warns the deaf: they feel the Sun,
And, basking in his ray,
Forget how soon his course is run,
How soon the longest day is done,
The brightest summer day.

Yon Shepherd, whom the city's chime
Scarce reaches 'ere it dies,
Far better notes that voice of Time;
And marks the solar flight sublime
With more regardful eyes.

The village Dialist is He;
Well skill'd the hours to scan;
The Sun, propitious to his plea,
Smiles on his work, and bids it be
A Monitor to Man.

Ye Vain! 'ere night's cold dews benumb
Those limbs, unused to trial,
Before your hour of audit come,
When Death your debts to Time shall sum,
Consult the Shepherd's Dial.

MYRA.

UNBLEST is Woman, when she roves
In Love's unconsecrated groves.
Gay though they look at distance view'd,
There hatches Shame her owlet-brood;
And there from every treacherous copse
Some croaking Sorrow mocks her hopes.

Phantoms of Fear about her glide;
Remorse is ever at her side;
Guilt glitters in her conscious eyes,
And lures the light from cloudy skies,
The baleful light that rides the wind
When storm and thunder shake the mind.

Fair Dreamers of Arcadian dreams!
To you the verse a fable seems.
Will Myra's lot as vainly speak?
Her alter'd eye and faded cheek
Like Your's were Love and Beauty's pride
Before those fatal bowers she tried.

SONG.

FROM the wing of young Love, as on roses he slumber'd,
A feather was cull'd by an amarous Bard,
Who had worn out his pen upon sonnets unnumber'd,
But labour'd in vain to win Beauty's regard.

So refined by that plume was the Poet's expression
That the Nymph of his heart half revoked her disdain,
And, when next he came near, the delightful concession
Of smiles like the morning rewarded his strain.

But the poor Son of Song, unaccustom'd to kindness,
Stood mutely bewilder'd, unable to move,
Till she left him, accusing the Muses of blindness,
That could let such a creature sing sweetly of love.

Stung with shame by the keen parting glance of the Scorner,
The coy Youth withdrew to the forest to weep,
When chance led his feet to a shady green corner
Where the Vine-God lay, fann'd by the Zephyr, asleep.

As a charm for his sadness (we know by examples
Of all climes and ages that Poets are thieves)
He pilfer'd the wreath from the little God's temples,
And bound his own brow with the mystical leaves.

And away from his brow flew at once sorrow's traces;
The bold flush of hope tinged his cheek of despair;
And, as if his freed lips had been kiss'd by the Graces,
Returning, he breath'd all his soul to the Fair;

Till her marble breast heaved like the life-waken'd Idol
Of the Sculptor of Cyprus, her model in shape;
And soon the Bard sung a gay song at his Bridal,
Call'd "Love's best Ally is the God of the Grape."

THE CROSS IN IRELAND.

FAIR Land, when with her Cross, of yore,
Religion sought thy pagan shore,
Thy sons returned the Stranger's smile
With welcome to the Western Isle;
And listen'd to her truths divine;
And learn'd to love the Cross's Sign;
And, prompted by her voice revered,
Throughout the clime the symbol rear'd.

They raised it where the rivers glide;
And by the mountain torrent's side;
By lake and rock; by wood and wold;
And, near it, as in charmed mould,
Graves oft were form'd for honour'd bones;
Saints slept beneath those sculptured stones,
And drew the pious pilgrim's feet
To many a far and wild retreat.

Still where those old memorials stand
Heaven seems to sanctify the land:
The votary kneels upon the moss,
And prays beside the sacred Cross;
The peasant with regardful eye
And low inflection passes by;
The very children linger there,
And think they breathe a blessed air.

Fair Land, another Stranger came,
And said Religion was *her* name:
She came with proud dominion arm'd,
And some the fair Seducer charm'd;
But of thine offspring most were true
To Her by whom the Cross they knew;
Who first appear'd, with holy smile,
A Stranger in the generous Isle.

Though Power sustain'd the Rival's cause,
And fetter'd them with angry laws,
Age after age a yoke of pain
Bow'd down and gall'd their necks in vain.
Woe was their faith's confirming seal,
Till power grew weary of his zeal,
And threw a half relenting smile,
Half sullen, o'er the injured Isle.

Whether that smile shall yet be bright,
Or yet gleam on with jealous light,
Isle of the Cross! in weal or woe,
Thy Sons their steady truth will shew
To Her who first with grace divine
Taught them to love the Cross's Sign,
And plant it far, on rock and sod,
In honour of the Saviour-God.

MATRIMONY.

1

O WHY is thy brow, young Knight,
Defaced with the frowns of age?
And why are thy hands, young Knight,
Thus lock'd with the grasp of rage?
And why are thy tender sighs
Exchanged for indignant gloom?
And why do thy rolling eyes
The basilisk's glare assume?

2

Remember thy wooing days;
The damsel was then divine:
Remember thy winning ways,
That made such a goddess thine.
And art thou then changed so much,
By Hymen congeal'd so soon,
As shrink from the Lady's touch,
Almost in the Honey-moon!

3

AND THOU, gentle Lady fair,
Why droops the reproachful brow?
And why, gentle Lady fair,
So little like gentle now?
And why are those looks, so meek,
Now wrathfully cast askance?
And why in thine alter'd cheek
Do now all the Furies dance?

4

Forget not the days of love---
Or were they the days of guile?
Thine emblem was then the Dove---
Or was it but woman's wile?
Or art thou no more the same?
Is all the enchantment o'er?
Is love such an airy name,
And wedlock a yoke so sore?

5

Alas, 'tis unriddled now;
'Twas Folly that link'd your lot:
Her Cap is on either brow,
Conjoin'd in a gordian knot.

6

Thus pair'd in the hopeless yoke,
And gall'd with a ceaseless weight,
And lash'd with vexation's stroke,
Do fools become wise too late.

7

Then joy to thy shoulders, Knight!
And thine, gentle Lady fair!
There Folly has yoked ye tight;
And Wedlock will keep ye there!

SONG.

BE merry, be merry in Clifton Halls!
The moon in heaven is bright:
From the towers of the churches Midnight calls;
And the Gay are met within sparkling walls;
For the LORD OF DEATH gives a Dance to-night.

They're merry, they're merry! in painted bowers
They ply the frolic feet;
The Revellers' heads are bound with flowers,
And they wear a Cap of bewitching powers,
By Folly weaved in the loom of Fate.

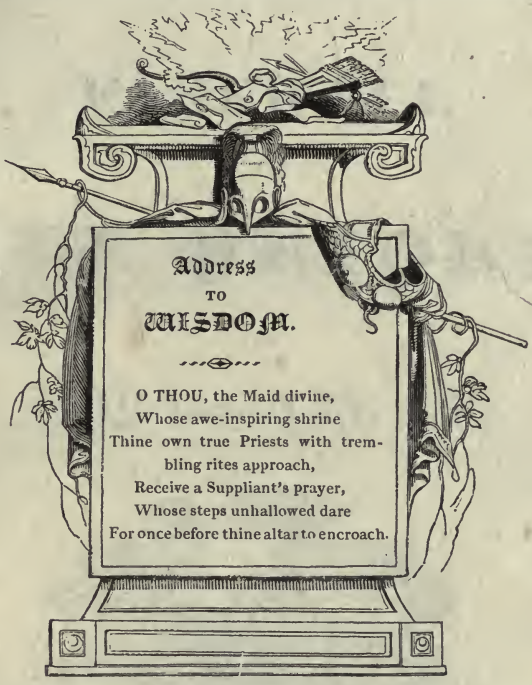
Disease, and Languor, and Care, and Pain,
Obey the stirring charm;
The Colchian spell is at work again,
And Age trips down with the festive train,
Supporting Beauty with gallant arm.

But who is She that presides the while,
So like a Spirit fair?
She glides about with a fearful smile:
Her cheek is bright; yet the Serpent Guile
Seems lurking under the roses there.

Some word she whispers to all who trace
The labyrinth of Dance,
Which to Age's cheek gives a hectic grace,
And by Youth is heard with a flushing face,
And a sweetly wild but perturbed glance.

And the moment she sees the hectic blood
The deepening cheek suffuse,
To the LORD OF DEATH she directs a nod,
And receives a smile from the SKELETON-GOD,
Whose eye as a Lover's her step pursues.

'Be merry, be merry in Clifton Halls,'
That WITCH CONSUMPTION cries!
But hark, from the turret the Grave-Bell calls,
The Feast is spread by the churchyard walls,
And away to banquet with DEATH she flies.



Address TO WISDOM.

O THOU, the Maid divine,
Whose awe-inspiring shrine
Thine own true Priests with trembling rites approach,
Receive a Suppliant's prayer,
Whose steps unhallowed dare
For once before thine altar to encroach.

Far from thy ways of truth,
Seduced by Love and Youth,
His devious feet through wanton paths have stray'd;
Yet, hence, reject not now
The weary wanderer's vow,
Nor spurn his sacrifice, transcendant Maid.

Permit that in thy fane,
To sooth thy just disdain;
With reverent zeal he fan the vestal fires;
Whereon his scorn may throw
Those subtle shafts and bow,
With which false Love awakes the vain Desires.

Then grant, for his resource
'Gainst future tempters, force
The unblunted lance of fortitude to wield;
Or, blue-eyed Virgin, lend
Thy succour, and extend
The sure protection of thy gorgon shield.

Yet never to his heart,
O Maid revered, impart
That awful armour's cold petrific charm:
Change, Goddess, all but this;
But spare pure feeling's bliss:
Turn not to stone a heart by nature warm.

FAREWELL

TO

LEE PRIORY.

BY

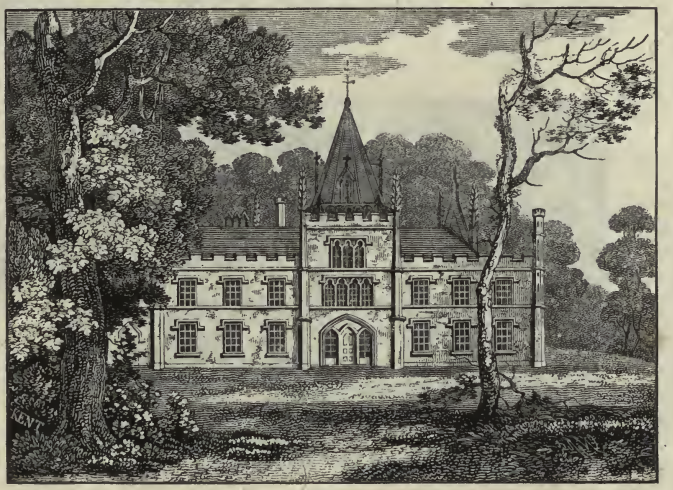
E. QUILLINAN, ESQ.

KENT:

Printed at the private Press of Lee Priory.

BY JOHN WARWICK.

1820.

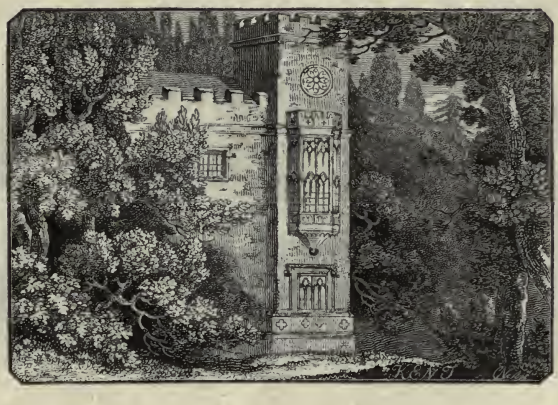


FAREWELL TO LEE PRIORY.

ADIEU, the pensive still retreat,
The woodland paths, the classic dome,
Where float the mental visions sweet,
And Fancy finds her genial home.

The Wanderer oft, where'er he roves,
Dear cherished scene, shall think on thee;
In Memory's glass review thy groves,
Thy green luxuriant pastures see.

Farewell to Lee Priory.



For not to him a sunny glade
Nor yet a primrose-nook is strange,
Nor tufted knoll, nor secret shade,
Of all thy various ample range.

He knows where in the tangled brake
The goldfinch builds his little cell,
And where their nests the thrushes make,
And where the happy squirrels dwell.

And oft each coy secluded scene
With him the bashful Muse has sought;
Where, veil'd behind the leafy screen,
She best might breathe the thrilling thought.

But most within that circled room,
Where Bards, Historians, Sages live,
In all the fresh and deathless bloom
Their own immortal labours give---

Farewell to Lee Priory.

Most in that magical recess,
Sweet Fancy holds poetic reign;
The hours so fleetly onward press,
They mock at the pursuit of pain.

And thence the eye may rest or range
On broken mounds, in brilliant weather,
Where light and shadow blend and change,
Like joy and grief in dance together.

'Tis wild, fair Lee, when winds awake
Among thy boughs with stern turmoil,
To see their stormy pinions shake
The stately elms that love thy soil.

'Tis gentle, at the sun's decline,
To watch the ruddy golden beam,
That flings it's broad and mellow line
Athwart thy smiling conscious stream.

Farewell to Lee Priory.

'Tis softer yet to turn and mark
The moon behind yon wood arise,
Disparting, like a crystal bark,
The cloudy billows of the skies:

All lavish, as she slowly sails,
Of light that breaks like Ocean's spray,
And greets thy vaulted gates, and hails
Thy Gothic walls with flickering ray.

Fair walls, from yonder hill how oft
The stranger on his weary road
Turns, as he marks the spire aloft,
To thine embowered serene abode.

And sighing thinks perchance the while
'Twere bliss, absorbed in peace and prayer,
Life's simple tenor to beguile,
An unmolested hermit there.

Farewell to Lee Priory.

Far be from me such dreary bliss!
The pulse of social joy congeal'd,
O who, sweet Lee, would change for this
The charm that Love and Friendship yield.

Alas, regret will still attend---
For when was pleasure unalloyed?
While Pity mourns the youthful friend,
The Mother's second hope destroyed.

Yet not for this less dear to view
Thy woods, and spire, and turrets rise;
O not because pale Memory's dew
Will sometimes dim Affection's eyes.

Ah, rather, for this tender woe,
That here he left his latest trace,
Should Memory round thy precincts throw
A holy charm, a soothing grace.

Farewell to Lee Priory.

Adieu, fair Lee, a gem of thine
I bear away as now we part,
And it shall have as safe a shrine
As is a true and tender heart.

A flower of thine I bear afar,
And thou art rich in fair young flowers;
Though none to me seems quite so fair,
So sweet as This, in all thy bowers.

I bear it from a fostering soil,
That suffered not it's bloom to perish;
And so on me may Fortune smile
As I the' entrusted treasure cherish.

Adieu! may Peace o'erwatch thy gates;
May Pleasure nestle on thy walls;
And the pure Star of radiant Fates
With cloudless lustre cheer thy halls.

AVONDALE.

Addressed to a young Friend, an Admirer of an Italian Lady.

OY! wouldst thou have thy suit prevail?
Go lead thy heart's enchantress o'er
The woody steeps of Avondale
That guard the stream of Avonmore.
Howe'er her partial mind pourtray
The graces of her Bard's Vaucluse,
She'll there as charmed haunts survey
As ever sooth'd the Tuscan Muse.

For there from every zephyr's wing
A fairy spirit gently calls,
And there the waters wildly sing,
And there a mimic Sorga falls.
Through Arklow's woodlands proudly sweep,
And Aghrim boasts its golden ore;
Though wild is Cronroe's rocky steep,
And wilder yet is lone Glenmore;

Avondale.

Though Vartrey lightly bounding goes,
As coy yet playful childhood strays;
Though sweet Avoca sweeter flows
Since young Catullus sung its praise;
Let lovers roam o'er hill and vale,
Yet never shall their eyes explore
A fairer glen than Avondale,
A lovelier stream than Avonmore.

Then warmly while thy lips repeat
The liquid verse she loves so well
Be sure her heart will kindly beat,
Be sure her breast will softly swell.
Dull must the lover be to fail,
Or else a frozen nymph implore,
Among the groves of Avondale,
Beside the stream of Avonmore.

The Valley of the Seven Churches.

HEN, passing greener vallies by,
Saint Keivin chose his last retreat,
Vale of the Monk, no vulgar eye
Found Glendaloch Religion's Seat.

For there the stern Enthusiast saw
The frowning wilderness he sought,
Hills that chastised the soul with awe,
Shades pregnant with celestial thought.

Hearts from the world he thither drew;
And temples in the desart rose;
And, as on Gideon's fleece the dew,
Sunk on those hearts that blest repose.

Dim, lonely, melancholy vale,
How oft has tolled the Beadsman's knell,
Deepening thy mountains' hollow gale
And sullen waters heavy swell!

The Valley of the Seven Churches.

Even yet, amidst thy mellow gloom
Death, the presiding Genius, reigns;
He sits on Kingly Thuhal's tomb,
Or stalks among thy shattered fanes.

More charm to nurse vain dreams of bliss
Though sweet Ovoca's banks supply,
Earth has no fitter space than this
For Sage to muse, or Saint to die.

Ah what should gayer bowers avail?
Young dreamer, turn to Keivin's rock;
'Twere sweet to live in Avondale,
But good to die in Glendaloch!

SAINT KEIVIN'S BED.

'TIS said there is a blessed charm
For those who here devoutly crouch,
Pilgrims for this forget alarm
And crawl to Keivin's stony couch.

If memory of his mind divine
Here waken sin's repentant sighs,
It is indeed a holy shrine
Wherein a precious relique lies.

THE WATERFALL IN GLENDALOCH.

SEE the vain stream whose headlong course
Has plunged down yonder gulf in foam.
How limpid was its peaceful source!
How dark will be its troubled home!

Thus in Remorse's drear abyss
Young hearts by passion hurried fall,
Where troubled waters foam and hiss
And gloom and horror darken all.

SONNET I.

Medusa.

HERE is a pensive sweetness on her cheek,
And in her eye a melancholy lustre;
Complaining of the living snakes that cluster
Among her golden tresses. How, to wreak
Such vengeance on the lovely and the weak,
Could the Parthenian Goddess, for her shrine
Profaned, forget that mercy was divine?
Fair Victim! I know One as fair as thou,
Whose foot like thine at Wisdom's Altar stumbled,
And who, forsaken and forgotten now,
In spirit broken as in beauty humbled,
Feels shame's keen vipers on her aching brow,
While they whose ears are shut to misery's groan
View the poor Wretch with eyes and hearts of stone.

SONNET II.

Medusa.

EAUTIFUL Maniac of the locks enchanted,
Whose golden net enslaved the lord of ocean!
Is this the end of all his false devotion?
Is this the crown upon thy temples planted
By him whose bosom for thy beauty panted?
Alas! frail Woman yields to soft emotion;
And love beguiles her with some airy notion;
And then the tempter's fatal suit is granted:
And then away are winged the days of gladness
With him who sipped the nectar of her breath;
And then succeed the pains of guilt and sadness;
Love's flowery braid becomes a snaky wreath,
And then the serpents hiss her into madness.
Thus pleasure's garland turns a crown of death.

SONNET III.

HER form was like a Grace of Parian marble;
Her step was stately like the walk of Dian;
Her song excelled the Thracian nightbird's warble;
She woke the lyre's enchantment like Amphion,
Or him whose music tamed the pard and lion;
Her eye was bright as the divinest star
That sparkles on the sword of stern Orion,
But like Aurora's when her summer car
Bore that beloved one to the floating isle,
It lit with orient warmth her conscious smile.
Should she not have some crystal dome in air,
Where earth might worship her, yet not defile?
Beauty! behold the palace of the Fair---
She feasts the worms in yon sepulchral pile.

AT A BALL.

ET us go to some place of rest, my Soul!
Why do we linger here?
Where the night-winds pant, and the dull waves roll,
And the sound and sight are drear,
It will suit the worn spirit best, my Soul;
Then why should we linger here?
What avail the gay notes and light foot of young Pleasure
When the heart's not in tune to keep time with the measure?

Not for Us is the festive hall, my Soul!
Its groups like spectres grin;
And Music and Dance, as the death-bells toll
In the ear of the child of sin,
Even thus on my heart they fall, my Soul,
And jar on the strings within.
When the heart's out of tune, oh how harsh seems the measure
To which giddy groups whirl in the circle of Pleasure!

TO A LADY.

HERE the wild-daisy springs, there all fresh from his flight
And all blithe as he sings, will the glad Lark alight;
Where the starry tuft blossoming hides his young nest,
There his softly-descending wing loves the buds best.

Where afar in the thorny vale sweet-briers swell,
There the Nightingale chaunts his full roundelay well;
'Tis to sooth his love's vernal choice, hush'd in repose,
That he pours forth his mellow voice from the wild-rose.

As that wild-daisy lovely art Thou, my young Bride,
Thou art sweet as this wild-rose all new in its pride!
Thou art *That* without speck; thou art *This* without thorn;
And thy bosom is pure as their dew in the morn!

Not so dear is his nest to the Lark from on high,
Nor the glance of his mate to the Nightingale's eye,
As thy smile is to me through the cloud of my cares;
And the song sung to thee should be sweeter than their's!

Though the skill is denied to tune melody's string,
Thus the will, my young Bride, to thy beauty would sing;
Because my soul's pleasure is all where thou art;
For *wherever the treasure is there is the heart.*

MAY-DAY.

A SONG.

HERE'S a green sunny isle on the depths of Lough-Mask,
Where the sand-snipes all joy on the pebbled shore bask;
Where from rocks sing the Whitethroats enchantingly sweet,
To appease the chafed billows that fret at their feet.

There are shades in that isle to veil lovers' kind glances;
There's a green in the midst for each light foot that dances:
Thither then let the oars dash the shallop along;
For we'll there give the morning to dance and to song.

Let the mountains send down their fair damsels to-day;
Let the boats fraught with music too follow away:
We'll debark on that isle with the mountains' fair daughters;
But the music shall come stealing over the waters.

To the witch-time of twilight we'll dance and we'll sing,
Till the dew-slippered fairies come claiming the ring;
Then thy harp, my sweet Bride, shall their angry spell break,
And shall win Thee the love of those elfs of the lake.

There's an octagon temple on that sunny isle,
Where the wine in cold cups of rock-crystal shall smile;
There those fairies shall join in the feast of the gay,
And shall pledge Thee, my Bride, the young Queen of the May.

MAY-DAY.

A Song.

THE MUSE OF LOUGH-CORRIB.*

HEN the stars shine out in the clear blue sky,
And the air is the breath of May,
O give me a Muse with a sweet mild eye,
And give her a harp to play.

Let us sit remote in a mountain scene,
On the shore of a lovely lake :
Let the moon look down on the small isles green,
And the waves that around them break.

Let the harp then tremble through all its strings,
With its tenderest fall and flow,
Let it breathe such a spell as a bright dream brings,
When the mind is subdued with woe.

O, be Thou the Muse, for thine eye is mild;
And thine be the harp, my Bride!
For the mountains here are sublimely wild,
And fair is Lough-Corrib's side.

'Tis a lovely lake with its hundred isles,
And thy harp has a tender tone;
And 'tis fit that Thou with thy harp and smiles
Be the Muse of these regions lone!

* Lough-Corrib, a lake of great extent and beauty in the West of Ireland.

Notes.

Ode to the Historic Muse.

By History's Prince and Father. Herodotus is so called by Cicero.

Wept with a young enthusiast's spirit. Thucydides shed tears on hearing Herodotus read his History at the Olympic Games.

Worthy of Socrates. Xenophon was one of the Philosopher's pupils.

And by that Chæronean just. The general impartiality, as well as the skill and judgment, of Plutarch in weighing the characters of illustrious men is, I believe, sufficiently established; though some writers have accused him of giving too much preponderance to the Greeks. His style is not considered so remarkable for elegance as for precision and force, and he is therefore here represented as paying little attention to the Graces, whom, it is fair to assume, he must have met on the banks of their favourite river the Cephisus, as it flowed by Chæronea, the Historian's native city.

Thy name with ancient Greece was Glory. Cleos.

The gift of Padua's Sage. Livy.

He too by virtuous Pliny loved. The friendship of Tacitus and the younger Pliny was the admiration of Rome; and that Historian, though the declared

and sincere enemy of flattery, was not only a favourite of Vespasian, but was patronised even by Domitian.

These, with a chasten'd radiance shining,
Compose thine antique crown.

As the offerings of the most illustrious ancient historians.

Hymn to Nature.

Where the meek disburthen'd beast
Crops at eve his prickly feast.

The necessity of addressing my attention to such subjects as the Woodcuts afforded me has, it will be observed, led me into this goodly company. This species of animal however, was not quite new to me before. Witness my thorough-bred Reviewer in Blackwood's Magazine. I do not expect this observation to wound him, as it is shewn in the above couplet that asses have the faculty of eating thistles unhurt.

Song. The young Gleaner.

Fan softly, I pray thee, thou gale of the west.

"Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise,
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream!"

AFTON WATER.

Ode. The Nightmare.

I should have been glad if this and some other subjects had exercised the powers of that mercurial old gentleman, George Colman the Younger. This parody of mine is a sin against good taste; and I insert the original Ode by way of atonement to the offended manes of the most delightful of English lyrical Poets.

How sleep the Brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

Ode. "The Maid that loved the Moon."

These lines, which were really suggested by the *night*-errantry of a very fair and very eccentric young Lady, have put on, almost against my own will,

the perilous form of the blank ode. That my admiration of that exquisite evening hymn of the Poet, for whom "the pensive pleasures sweet prepared the shadowy car," tempted them to take this shape I will not deny, but I should be sorry to be suspected of the idle vanity of having hoped to catch the tone of Collins's enchanting production.

Sad Autonoe's hapless hunter. Actæon, whose fate is said to have accelerated the death of his mother Autonoe.

Troy's pale prophetess. Cassandra.

The rocky Isles. Sirenusæ, the supposed abodes of the Sirens.

Ode to Imagination.

The Theban urged his daring flight. Pindar.

Fairy-Catching.

This chase after happiness, or whatever else the reader may choose to make it, will seem to have but slight connexion with the Woodcut to which it is appended; and it will indeed require good eyes to discover the little grass-hopping *non-descript* that gives so much trouble to the hunters. I recommend the Critics to put on their spectacles.

The Idler and the Angler.

And wonders much, as much he may.

"And much I ruminate, as much I may." COWPER.

"The Fair Bridges."

This Lady was daughter of Edmund Bridges, second Lord Chandos, and wife of William Lord Sandys of the Vine. She is celebrated by the poet Gascoigne as the handsomest lady of the Court, though there was a scar upon her forehead.

And who, by the conquest of loveliness, there
From the haughty queen turn'd her proud favourite's vow?

Lord Essex "fell in love" with *a* fair Bridges, on whom his admiration drew down the displeasure, and, court-scandal adds, the fist of his royal mistress. But this was not the lady. It was more probably a daughter or niece of the third Lord Chandos. I did not observe the mistake in time for alteration. In the text the masculine word *Monarch* is unluckily applied to the Queen. Perhaps, however, if the lady above mentioned could be consulted, she would vindicate the solecism by assuring us that the weight of the Queen's hand was of no maidenly character. Poor Lord Essex too might have given an opinion on this subject, as he also, if history have not put an unjust affront on him, had good reason to be sensible of Her Majesty's pugilistic qualifications.

The Captive Lion.

The Lion of the sacred hill
And he that awed Nemæa's wood.

The Lions of Mount Cithæron and of Nemæa, destroyed by Hercules.

And That the Muse's olive crush'd. The accounts of the club of Hercules are various. By some it is said to have been the gift of Vulcan, and made of brass; while the more general opinion is that it was of oak, and cut by Hercules himself in the Nemæan forest. But the most pleasing account is that which represents it to have been of olive, and found by the hero on Mount Helicon.

The terror of Etolian plains. The Calydonian Boar, destroyed by Meleager and the neighbouring princes.

Crete's sea-born dread. The wild Bull of Crete, first caught by Hercules, and presented to Eurystheus, by whose order it was set at large. It was again taken alive by Theseus, who exhibited it through the streets of Athens previously to its being sacrificed to Minerva.

A Lion to a woman's prayer
His claws was tempted to resign.

In the well-known fable.---The Reviewer before alluded to has here an opportunity of displaying his wit about a grand Menagerie, &c. &c. As I have already *classified* him, I cannot reply that he is a Calydonian Boar*.

* Query. Caledonian Bore? PRINTER.

The Lapwing, the Owl, and the Nightingale.

The Designer was not, I suppose, conscious of the absurdity of placing these three birds on the same bough. The Lapwing, in particular, has no business here, for it is a bird which always lights upon the ground, and never, I believe, was seen on a tree. But the Artist may perhaps be forgiven, when it is remembered that Virgil has fallen into a similar mistake, by making the nightingale, which always frequents low close thickets, sing from a poplar-tree.---While I am on this subject, I wish to take the opportunity in good time of preventing the charge, which may otherwise be brought against me, of having stolen from a golden treasury, and unskilfully alloyed and debased the coin, by converting Mr. Wordsworth's description of the Nightingale to my own use. Some of these things have been long written and printed, and this is one; and it was only very recently that, in a miscellany entitled "British Melodies," I saw Mr. Wordsworth's beautiful verses on the Nightingale; for the first time, with shame be it spoken, not having seen that edition of poems in which I am told they first appeared some years since.

> And hark, the Nightingale begins its song;
> "Most musical, most melancholy" Bird!
> A melancholy Bird? O idle thought!
> In nature there is nothing melancholy.
> But some night-wandering man whose heart was pierced*

* Not Milton I hope.

With the remembrance of some grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
(And so, poor wretch, filled all things with himself,
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrows) he and such as he
First named these notes a melancholy strain:
And many a poet echoes the conceit;
Poet who hath been building up the rhyme
When he had better far have stretched his limbs
Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell
By sun or moon-light, to the influxes
Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements
Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
And of his fame forgetful! so his fame
Should share in nature's immortality,
A venerable thing! and so his song
Should make all nature lovelier, and itself
Be loved like nature! But 'twill not be so,
And youths and maidens most poetical
Who lose the deepening twilights of the spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still
Full of meek sympathy must heave their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.
My Friend, and my Friend's Sister! we have learnt
A different lore: we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices always full of love
And joyance! 'tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds and hurries and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul

Of all its music! And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not: and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and kingcups grow within the paths.
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many Nightingales: and far and near
In wood and thicket over the wide grove
They answer, and provoke each other's songs
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical and swift jug jug,
And one low piping sound more sweet than all.

Long as this quotation is, I shall be pardoned for introducing the

most gentle Maid
Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
(Even like a lady vowed and dedicate
To something more than nature in the grove)
Glides through the pathways; she knows all their notes,
That gentle Maid! and oft, a moment's space,
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence: till the Moon
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and those wakeful Birds
Have all burst forth with choral minstrelsy,
As if one quick and sudden gale had swept
An hundred airy harps! and she hath watched
Many a Nightingale perch giddily

On blosmy twig still swinging from the breeze,
And to that motion tune his wanton song,
Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head!

Mr. Payne Knight in his *Essay on Taste*, has also remarked on the common error of ascribing melancholy to the notes of the Nightingale, and justly observed that birds are mute in grief, and sing only when they are happy.

Sudeley Castle.

There too the' imperial Dame with Barons girt,
Relax'd at welcome's voice her lion-port.

"Girt with many a Baron bold,
* * * *
In the midst a form divine!
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face
Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace."

THE BARD.

Sudeley Castle, which was long in possession of the ancestors of the Editor of this Press, for which reason these stanzas are addressed to him, was one of the Noblemen's seats visited by Queen Elizabeth in her Progresses.

The splendor and munificence of Grey, the fifth Lord Chandos, were such as to obtain for him the popular denomination of King of Cotswold.

That bloomed in Denton's vale, and Wotton's sylvan slopes.

The poet Gray, who was for some time a visitor at Denton while it was in the occupation of his friend the Rev. Mr. Robinson, speaks with pleasure in his letters of the retired little valley and its green meadows. The place belongs to the Editor, and Wotton Court, which is just above it, was his birth-place.

No smooth supplanter kindly claimed thy share. "But he (Esau) said again: Rightly is his name called *Jacob*," that is a supplanter, "for he hath supplanted me, lo, this second time."

no more the Lydian stream
Devolves in its old bed the golden tide.

This allusion to Pactolus, (not, perhaps, an allowable one) refers to the following passage in the Advertisement to "Speeches delivered to Queen Elizabeth at Sudeley Castle."

> "George Brydges, the sixth Lord Chandos, left Sudeley, among his other estates, to his second wife, Jane, daughter of John Savage, Earl Rivers, who carried it to her last husband, Mr. Pitt. The stream of inheritance in the Chandos family was thus broken, and cruelly diverted into another channel. After a century and a half, in a long circuit through its new course, it again approximated, and was on the point of being brought back by a great exertion into its old line, when an unpropitious circumstance again diverted it, perhaps for ever."
>
> *Advertisement to Speeches delivered to Queen Elizabeth at Sudeley Castle.*

And thou hast treasures as Cornelia's prized. When a lady of Campania made an ostentatious display of her jewels in a visit to the daughter of Scipio

Africanus, and requested her to produce her own, the Roman matron presented her children, and "These," said she "are the jewels of which I boast."

"Pointing to such, well might Cornelia say,
When the rich casket shone in bright array,
These are my jewels."

Rogers's Human Life.

The Dialist.

This subject was evidently designed after the subsequent passage in Shakspeare.

"O God, methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain:
To sit upon a hill, as I do now;
To carve out Dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run, &c.

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects treachery?"

Henry VI. Part III.

Myra.

This was, I suppose, drawn after Thomson's Celadon and Amelia. Indeed several of the Designs are taken from passages in various Authors, which are no doubt familiar to the reader.

Song. Cupid and Bacchus.

Till her marble breast heaved like the life-waken'd Idol
Of the Sculptor of Cyprus. Pygmalion, the Statuary, disgusted with the profligacy of the women of Amathus, determined not to marry. But he afterwards became so enamoured of a beautiful Statue which he made, that Venus, at his prayer, inspired it with animation: and the work of his own hands became his wife. Ovid says that the Statue was made of Ivory.

Interea niveum mira feliciter arte
Sculpsit ebur, formamque dedit, qua femina nasci
Nulla potest; operisque sui concepit amorem.
* * * *
Saepe manus operi tentantes admoret, an sit
Corpus, an illud ebur: nec ebur tamen esse fatetur.

Farewell to Lee Priory.

This Poem, without the Woodcuts, has been printed in the Rev. F. Dibdin's *Decameron*.

While Pity mourns the youthful friend. Edward William George Brydges, who died at Lee Priory on the 13th of June, 1816, in his sixteenth year.

Avondale.

The Seat of Mr. Parnell Hayes, in the County of Wicklow. It lies between Rathdrum and the Meeting of the Waters.

Though Arklow's woodlands proudly sweep,
And Aghrim boasts its golden ore;
Though wild is Cronroe's rocky steep,
And wilder yet is lone Genmore.

These are all places of attraction in Wicklow. Glenmore is usually called the Devil's Glen. The small river Vartrey runs through it.

Since young Catullus sung its praise.

"Little, the young Catullus of his day."

The Valley of the Seven Churches.

Glendalough, or the Valley of the Two Lakes. Pronounced almost like Glanda*lock*. A tradition related of Saint Keivin in this vale is the subject of one of Mr. Moore's Songs.

"By that lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbled o'er."

Sonnet I.---Medusa.

Though the most ancient monuments exhibit Medusa with the distorted and dreadful features commonly ascribed to her by the Poets, later Artists, and particularly the Lithographers have delighted to represent her not only with that fatal loveliness which captivated "the stern God of Sea," but with traits of additional interest suggested by the peculiarity of her punishment. Sometimes she appears only with an expression of mild though deep dejection on finding the serpents in her beautiful hair: often with all the wildness of rage and frenzy, but accompanied with so much charm of countenance and so tempered by an air of consciousness and agony, as to excite commisseration rather than horror. Several specimens may be seen in Worlidge's *Gems*.

Could the Parthenian Goddess, &c. Juno is also sometimes called Parthenos, as well as Minerva; but the appellation seems more applicable to the latter Goddess on every account.

Sonnet III.

Her song excell'd the Thracian nightbird's warble. The people of Mount Libethrus in Thrace claimed the distinction of possessing the ashes of Orpheus, and boasted that the Nightingales which built their nests near his tomb surpassed all others in the melody of their notes.

But like Aurora when her summer car
Bore that beloved one to the floating isle.

Aurora carried Orion to the Island of Delos that she might there enjoy his company unobserved.

Of these three Sonnets the rhythmical arrangement of the second only is strictly according to rule.

May-Day.

There's a green sunny isle on the depths of Lough-Mask. A Lake in the West of Ireland.

In conclusion I think it proper to observe that I am solely answerable for whatever sentiments may be found in this volume. The Editor of the Lee Priory Press has been for some time on the Continent; and is now making the tour of Italy. Most of the contents therefore of this publication will be quite new to him, though it has of course been carried on with his knowledge and concurrence. I had hoped to be able to offer to that respected Friend and to the Subscribers to the Press something better, but it is easier to form good hopes, than to write good verses.

ERRATA.

Preface. Page 3. Last line of Note for *him* read *the Printer.*
10. First line of Note for *good* read *merit.*
11. Fifth line dele *comma* after *additions.*
Eighth line dele *comma* after *which.*

Ode to the Muse. Line 1 of Stanza 9 for *cloudier* read *cloudy.*
Maid that loved the Moon. Line 2 of Stanza 14 dele the word *feet.*
Captive Lion. Line 6 of Stanza 2 dele *apostrophe* after *princes.*
Address to Wisdom. Line 6 of Stanza 2 for *transcendant* read *transcendent.*

FINIS.

Printed by John Warwick,
At the private Press of LEE PRIORY, Kent.

ARRANGEMENT AND LIST OF FIRST LINES;

TO SERVE AS A DIRECTION TO THE BINDER.

Half Title.
Title.
Preface.
Spirit of Heaven, immortal Child,
In vain thy glorious voice they heard.
Or if, when Pride so high aspires.
Oft from his couch of cloudy dreams.
He knows thee by his panting breast.
Daughter of Memory and Jove.
And by that Chæronean just.
Goddess of the green retreats.
Where the light and frolic fawn.
I have found the young Gleaner, the Cherub of Morn.
How sleeps the Squire who sinks to rest.
Come away to the greenwood bowers.
Who with me will wander?
Poets loiter all their leisure.
Throw back the locks redundant from those eyes.
Who with bland voice repaid them, and, the while.
O Thou, of Genius Eldest-born.
We are hunting the Fairy all day long.
Shame afflict thee, Slave of Riot.
Reclined upon a bank of moss.
She, with her treacherous smile serene.
O Who, near the throne of the Mistress of Ocean.
At the masque, or the sylvan fantastical sport.
The Lion of the sacred hill.
O fair is Matlock's rocky hill.
The cottage of Monksdale looks gay with its roses.
Health, and for ever! e'en the Grave.
'Tis now the hour the Wanderer strays.
Where is thy glory, Sudeley? though thy wall.
Now savage elders flourish in thy courts.
Brydges, the proud tear in thy dark eye swells.
Yet why repine?---no more the Lydian stream.
Of briers the earth, of clouds the heaven to clear.
Time strikes his bell in Grandeur's halls.
Unblest is Woman when she roves.
From the wing of young Love, as on roses he slumber'd.
Fair Land, when with her Cross, of yore.
O why is thy brow, young Knight.
Be merry, be merry in Clifton Halls.
O Thou, the Maid divine.
Adieu, the pensive still retreat.
For not to him a sunny glade.
Most in that magical recess.
'Tis softer yet to turn and mark.
Far be from me such dreary bliss.
Adieu, fair Lee, a gem of thine.
Boy! wouldst thou have thy suit prevail?
Though Vartrey lightly bounding goes.
When, passing greener vallies by.
E'en yet, amidst thy mellow gloom.
'Tis said there is a blessed charm.
There is a pensive sweetness on her cheek.
Beautiful Maniac of the locks enchanted.
Her form was like a Grace of Parian marble.
Let us go to some place of rest, my Soul.
Where the wild-daisy springs, there all fresh from his flight.
There's a green sunny isle on the depths of Lough-Mask.
When the stars shine out in the clear blue sky.
Notes.
Arrangement and List of First Lines.
Errata.

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L41
1820g

ALDVS
REYNES
GROLIER
NOTARY
BERTHELET
DAY
PAYNE
MEARNE
DE ROME
LE CASCON
EVIE
DE THOV
WOTTON
HENRICI B. WHEATLEY
EX LIBRIS TEGVMINE
ILLVSTRIORIBVS.